

Soul Position "Printmatic"

Visit "[Printmatic](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I figure we start it out correctly..
this is Blueprint, RJD2 on the tracks
this is a new tune Gotta get it right today, you know
Whatever
[Chorus x2]
Printmatic, cinematic perfection
the blueprint, for crews that lack direction
automatic, just for my people
automatic, just for my crew
Infinitely ill
while most MC's show nothing but cold symptoms and
hopes of ripping
I turn crews of hard rocks into pot holes to piss in
and you be no different, because you don't listen
too many wanna accept your crew of mediocre
henchmen
who got you gassed up for an ill-advised solo mission
but you should watch who you listen to
they only did it cause they tryin to get rid of you
and be the man standing in the limelight instead of you
a little less dead weight, a little more revenue
and you're about to play right into their hands
cause you dumb enough to buy all the bullshit they're
selling you
I guess one's born every minute
and all the cats you roll with are living proof of that
schedule
man listen, I'm willing to bet your DJ was born one
minute ahead of you
in the same hospital, maternity ward, crying in the crib,
sittin right next to you
you got beef? I got vegetables
so if you really want it you can leave with a full stomach
[Chorus X2]
In rumbles, I funnel words until I start feeling fully
galvanized
inhale formaldehyde, exhale the battle rhymes
begin to bomb in a calm manner, jaws drop and shatter
gall bladders burst, punks jump up and get their egos
punched
by a far fatter verse
and you can celebrate afterwards

with a single release party in the back of my black
hearse
invite your groupies, maybe one of them a nurse
with imported ice cubes from purgatory in her purse
but I doubt it, and to my rivals
your chance of survival is slim to none unless you get a
gun
or show your true colors and act like a bitch and run
praying that you're not another raisin in the sun
but I suppose foes of mine chose the latter
and scattered outta the way of powerful flows
I shatter em those with blows that land hard enough
to knock the snot outta your nose
isn't it funny how funny style contestants get reverted
back to adolescence
turn your microphones in and turn into crack peddlers
now your dope and no one expects you to rap better
you ain't a hard rock you write raps with feathers
in the school of hard knocks you majored in mascara
with a minor in black leather
a nightclub swinger trying to get your sister act
together
but I'll close the curtain, it's certain that I'll close the
curtain
[Chorus X3]

Visit [Soul Position](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.